composure, what vexed me most was that, of the six Spanish or gypsy women gathered in the celebration, the one who had "thrown me the kerchief was by far the least beautiful.

Paris, 15 April

Yesterday, lunch at Rouche's with Gabriele d'Annunzio. I had originally refused, caring very little about seeing him again; and I replied to Rouche that I had too good a memory of my meeting with d'Annunzio fifteen years ago to risk spoiling it by seeing again a writer for whose talent I no longer had much esteem. But Rouche would not take no for an answer (I have kept this amusing correspondence), and my reluctance yields to his kindly insistence. There were present: Henri de Regnier, Desvallieres, Besnard, Suares, Saglio, Marcel, Ernest-Charles, and so on. I was placed between Henri de Regnier and Suares, almost opposite d'Annunzio: I could not have been more pleasingly placed. D'Annunzio, primmer, more constricted, more contracted, and also more sparMing than ever. His eye lacks kindness and affection; his voice is more cajoling than really caressing; his mouth less greedy than cruel; his forehead rather beautiful. Nothing in him in which natural gifts yield to genius. Less will than calculation; little passion or else cold passion. He generally disappoints those who have been taken (that is, mistaken) with his work. "He sums up all of Italy," says Mme Rouche, who is among the latter. "Less Dante," adds Suares, who eloquently declares to me how little he likes the ^Bluffer." The amusing thing is that d'Annunzio has smiles for only two persons: Suares and me (less for me than for Suares, whose grandiloquence quite naturally impresses him).

After lunch we gather in the den, Desvallieres, Suares, I, d'Annunzio, and Saglio, who launches into an exaggerated praise of the last pages

of the novel (*Forse che si, forse che no)* [s] which *La Grande Revue* has Just finished bringing out. It must be said that d'Annunzio has just drenched Suares and me with the greatest praise a moment before. Saglio's compliments are probably hardly enough for the ^"Master** (who rather anxiously looks toward Desvallieres, toward Suares, toward me; but he can search us without finding any sugar. He will get only Saglio),

A moment later, nevertheless, d'Annunzio insists on seeing me again. It is agreed that he will write to invite me to lunch (I doubt very much that he will do so). Meanwhile, one by one, the guests leave. There remain only the '"Master,** Henri de Regnier, Suares, and L D'AnminziQ starts downstairs first; we follow close behind him.

From the entrance hall we see the rain pouring down. Suares, on

[a] *Perhaps So and Perhaps Not.*